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Lincoln at Gettysburg

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set. Proverbs 22:28.

THREESCORE and ten years ago, on November 19, 1863, Abraham Lincoln, standing on a temporary platform erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg, drew from his pocket a tiny scrap of paper, adjusted his spectacles, and read in two or three minutes some words which have come to be known as the Gettysburg Address. He read slowly, and having finished, put the paper into his pocket, took off his glasses, and sat down.

Only a few weeks before, two armies, like two huge clouds of blue and grey, had moved northward from the banks of the Rapidan, and clashed in conflict on that field. For three terrible days those hillsides rang with the shock and shout of battle; and when the thunder was hushed and the smoke had cleared away, fifty-four thousand young men lay dead and wounded. It was to consecrate a part of that field as the final resting place for those who had fallen, that the exercises were held in November. Lincoln was not the orator of the day, but had come, as was fitting, formally to dedicate the cemetery.

Edward Everett, a learned and profound orator, had held the assembly under the spell of his eloquence for more than two hours. His speech was all argument in behalf of the Union. "Your argument," wrote Lincoln a few days later, "was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for national supremacy." To which Everett replied: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." The speech of Everett was widely published, while the remarks of Lincoln were hardly discovered until the London Times framed them as a classic of the race. What Everett said was oratory; what Lincoln read was literature—a vision-moment when prose became poetry.

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Recall that scene. It was a November day, whose flying clouds dappled the landscape with light and shadow. The autumn was in its full glory of rich and mellow coloring—an apocalypse of beauty in the evening of the year. There were men, women and children in that audience who had lost brothers, sons, husbands and fathers on the very ground on which they stood. To them it was a holy place. It did not suggest to their minds vexed questions of politics; it suggested memories almost too sacred for words. They needed a voice to put into words the dumb sorrow that filled every heart, and that was what Lincoln did. He felt what they felt, having suffered more than they—and a profound tenderness trembled in his words.

Perhaps the first impression of the address is a feeling of vastness—as if the overarching sky had somehow got into its lines. Take those words, "brought forth on this continent a new nation," and add to them the closing phrase, "shall not perish from the earth," and one has a sense of the sweep of his thought, linking the far past with the far future; as if he remembered the words of Burke who said that a nation is a contract in which three parties are involved, the dead, the living, and those yet unborn. He spoke under the shadow of history, and felt that he was standing in a great tradition. While he felt the pathos of the hour and the scene, he lifted it above the newly made graves into the eternal. It was as if he had opened a window in the sky, and revealed the conflict of ideas out of which the clash of arms had come, as Homer saw two battles waging about the walls of Troy—one between Greeks and Trojans on the ensanguined earth; another waged by the gods in the viewless air.

JOY AND SORROW MEET TOGETHER

The speaker himself, tall, thin, sad, worn unspeakably—so much so, that Greeley doubted whether he would live another term—think of the path by which he had come to that hour, through what loneliness, what suffering, led by a great ideal! A child of the men who wore the grey, a leader of the men who wore the blue, he embodied in himself, as he revealed in the deep lines of his face, the tragedy and bereavement of a nation rent in twain! Into those few brief words was distilled, drop by drop, the very life of the man, as Webster said his whole life had been a preparation for his reply to Hayne. What a mingling of joy and sorrow, even as the lights and shadows fell athwart the field that November day! Deep joy is felt in his lines, realizing that the high tide of the war had been reached and was receding; joy subdued almost to a sob at thought of the frightful sacrifice—all about him the green mounds, with lonely firesides far away! No wonder his language wears the ultimate grace of simplicity, yet it is aglow with beauty, as if the tints of the autumn had crept into his words:

> The charms of all the muses
> Flowering in a lonely wood.

For once the man and the hour met, and the great and simple words of the great and simple man have in them every element of immortal speech—breadth, beauty, tenderness, prophecy, and far-reaching thought to grip the mind and hold it. Such words are deeds. They have a life, quiet, deep, undeniable; and they grow. They people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy. Let us briefly analyze and expound that address—not that it does not speak for itself, but to remind ourselves anew of how much it contains, lest we forget. How intensely it is the voice of this nation; the inmost soul of our history; the origin, genius, purpose, travail and prophecy of this republic—as, when touching the keyboard of an organ, we evoke the great heart of harmony within, whence come its deepest tones of melody.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

"Fourscore and seven years ago"—thus Lincoln went back of the Constitution to the Declaration of Independence for the basis of his patriotic faith. He revered the document of 1787 as the fundamental law of the nation, and he was loyal to his oath to "preserve, defend, and protect it." Nevertheless, for him the great epoch of our history was not 1787, but 1776. Two years before he said, on his way to take the oath of office, that he had "never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the Declaration of Independence." For him its great words, aglow with idealism, expressed the faith in which our fathers set up their flag and dedicated this republic as "the last great hope of man." How natural, then, on such a day, that in retrospect his mind should go back to the words which were the text of his life.

Others had used the phrase, "all men are created equal," rolling it unctuously on their lips. Time out of mind it had been made to do duty by spread-eagle orators on the Fourth of July—until it had become as vague and meaningless as an embalmed deity. But here was a man to whom it was a kind of political religion—as it had been the keynote of Robert Burns, his favorite poet. He held that it applied to all men, white, or black, or yellow—or, rather that it must be applied to all if the republic was to endure. Quoting the words of the fathers in one of his speeches in the debates with Douglas, he said:

> This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their understanding of the justice of the Creator. Yes, to all his creatures, to the whole family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of man then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity—the countless myriads who should inhabit this earth in other ages. . . .
>
> If you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back. I charge you to drop every petty and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of American Independence!

Slavery was a blot on that historic Declaration—applying its rights to the white man, and denying them to

the man in black. For that reason Lincoln ignored in his address the legal questions involved in the dreadful dispute. Not that he was indifferent to them, or was unfamiliar with them—as witness his exegesis of the Constitution in his Cooper Union address, and that noble passage in one of the Douglas debates explaining why the word slave was left out of it. No; he was a master of those questions, but he saw that the real root of the matter was a denial of the equal right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nor would he let that issue be obscured by any plea, however plausible or learned. He knew that the cause of the war was

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not a philosophical distinction in constitutional interpretation, but a moral question as to whether man in a republic such as ours had a right to hold his fellow in bondage.

"A NATION CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY"

Having recalled the past with its spirit of liberty, he then declared the purpose of the conflict to be the maintenance of a nation conceived in liberty. He saw the large and far-reaching meanings of the war—"testing whether this nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." At that time our nation was the only republic in the world of any great influence and promise, and to mutilate or break it up would be to set the advance of mankind back indefinitely—and make glad the enemies of freedom in every land. He felt that he was fighting, not only for the union of his fathers, but for the cause and hope of the lovers of liberty in every land and every age. The issue proved this in the high court of history, and for nothing have we more right to be grateful than that the republic was preserved. With what reverence did Lincoln set apart a plot of that field as the final resting place for those who there gave to our nation the "last full measure of devotion."

If the nation was conceived in liberty and dedicated to the equal rights of man, how did it come about that those rights were denied? Our fathers looked forward to the ultimate abolition of slavery, and left the word out of the Constitution—lest in future times it be a stain upon those pages. Even the great Virginians held slavery to be wrong. As Jefferson said, "The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with us in such a contest." How did the change of attitude come about? As all such changes come—by a subtle, imperceptible lowering of the ideal at the behest of self-interest and gain. First, slavery was morally wrong. Then it was morally wrong, but a necessary evil—that was the first betrayal of the faith. Later, slavery was morally right, ordained of God and taught in the Bible, and must not only be maintained but extended!

FREEDOM THROUGH THE LAW

What lay back of the betrayal of the moral idea? Economic interests and the increase of wealth. The black man, by virtue of the inventions of the white man, became economically profitable—and morally negligible. King Cotton ruled the land with a golden scepter! Its glitter blinded men, north and south, and involved our nation in a common historic and moral guilt of defaming the faith of our fathers! Hence the awful necessity "that this nation, under God, have a new birth of freedom"—aye, a new birth amid blood and fire and tears, for that is ever the price of loss of faith in the ideal. Of old it was ordained that only by the shedding of blood may sin be cleansed, and that is as true of national sin as it is of individual sin. Thus the man on the platform at Gettysburg spoke to us today as truly as he did to the nation seventy years ago. When we put money above men, when we substitute pragmatic expediency for eternal principle, we sow to the winds, and must reap a harvest of whirlwind!

What did Lincoln mean by "government of the people, for the people, by the people"? It was an old phrase, used by Theodore Parker years before, and may even be traced farther back; but it is linked forever with the Gettysburg Address. He meant the government as our fathers designed it—representative government with the emphasis on freedom through the law, rather than on law as a restriction on freedom. He did not regard this republic as an experiment station, but a great, growing nation, founded upon wisdom, justice, and moral idealism, beloved for what it had been to the fathers and is to be to their sons. Some in our day press his words into other applications, but they have no right to use the name of Lincoln as an authority for them. No; he fought to preserve the Union as our fathers formed it—without slavery, if possible; with slavery, if necessary—and for nothing else.

Great as this address is for what it says, it is even greater for what it does not say. Aye, its silence is eloquent beyond all words! There is in it no trace of rancor, no lack of faith in God and man, no boast, no gleam of selfish pride in power. More wonderful still, there is no word of rebuke for the men who fought

against him! Who else in all history, save him who walked in Galilee, could have spoken on that field amid those newly made graves, and uttered no word of reproach! Such divine charity is a treasure unto everlasting in the heroic tradition of this republic! Here is a depth of pity, a breadth of gentleness, a nobility of forgiveness that makes one feel what the mercy of God must be!

LINCOLN'S SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS

Many of the men who wore the grey were his friends—among them George Pickett, who led that brilliant and terrible assault on the third day at Gettysburg. Much as he felt that they were wrong, he loved them still, and was ready to forgive. He still held to his principle that the slaves should be paid for and set free, and his offer was still open to do it. Later, when Richmond fell and he visited that city, he went to see the home of Pickett. Let the wife of the great soldier tell the story:

> The fate of other cities had awakened my fears for Richmond. With my baby on my arm, I answered a knock, opened the door and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man, in ill-fitting clothes, who, with the accent of the north, asked:
>
> "Is this George Pickett's place?"
>
> "Yes, sir," I answered, "but he is not here."
>
> "I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."
>
> "The President!" I gasped. The stranger shook his head:
>
> "No, ma'am; no, ma'am; just Abraham Lincoln; George's old friend."
>
> "I am George Pickett's wife, and this is his baby," was all I could say. My baby pushed away from me and reached out its hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so, an expression of rapt, almost divine, tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look I have never seen on any other face. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted on giving his father's friend a dewy kiss. Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, shaking his finger playfully at him, saying:
>
> "Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

How nobly and tenderly human was that strong, sad man, whose face has puzzled all the artists but revealed itself to the intuitions of a little child, inviting a kiss. If ever the spirit of Christ has taken the form of flesh among us in this land, it was in the thin, worn figure on the platform at Gettysburg!

> Blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
> Quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
> Homely hero, born of star and sod;
> Peasant-prince, a masterpiece of God.

God of dreams! what a scene was that at Gettysburg fifty years later! Again the men of blue and grey assembled, in joint reunion, and reenacted the scene, their ranks thinned by time and death. Once more the men who followed Pickett crossed that field, not lightly as fifty years ago, but tottering with age—blinded, not by smoke, but by tears. Once more they reached the stone wall, not to shoot their foes, but to shake hands with their friends and weep. Even so, that it might be fulfilled as it was spoken by the Prophet-President in the last plaintive, haunting words of his first inaugural:

> We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Christ Our Salvation

By John Snape

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Acts 4:12.

R. J. CAMPBELL, one-time pastor of the City Temple, London, whom I have heard preach both in his own pulpit and in this country, believed and declared that a soldier dying in the trenches for the sacredness of national pledges, the maintenance of constitutional government, the sovereignty of smaller nations, the safety of the seas, and the democracy of the world, is giving his life in a sacrificial way just as Christ gave up his life upon the cross, and thereby saves his own soul by his own sacrifice.

Lyman Abbott believed the same thing, and broadened the conception to include a fireman who loses his life in saving a life, or a policeman shot to death by a bandit resisting arrest. Referring to the specific instance of a fireman of New York who actually lost his life in saving another, Lyman Abbott said: "To believe that God did not recognize in him a son is to dishonor God and discredit the universal witness he bears of himself in the hearts of his children."

John Hay held the same view, and perhaps reflected the view of many others in his popular lines about Jim Bludso, the swearing, drinking, adulterous pilot of a Mississippi steamboat, who stuck to his wheel to save his passengers, but lost his own life in so doing, and who by that one act of bravery, according to John Hay's philosophy, saved his own soul. This is what John Hay says of the old pilot:

> He weren't no saint, but at Judgment
> I'd run my chance with Jim
> Longside of some pious gentlemen
> That wouldn't shake hands with him.
> He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
> And went for it there and then.
> And Christ ain't going to be too hard
> On a fellow that died for men.

But Campbell and Abbott and Hay are wrong, despite their beautiful theories. Salvation is not wrought by the sacrifice of just any man; it is effected by the sacrifice of just one man, Jesus Christ. It cannot be wrought, or bought, or bribed, or won, or earned—it can only be accepted. That is the wonderful thing about

salvation—you can have it for the taking, but you cannot have it any other way. We would like to say for the encouragement and praise of a sacrificial soldiery that the blood of battlefields can save the soul of the man who sheds it, but truth compels the declaration that only the blood of Jesus can cleanse away sin.

WHAT IS SALVATION?

Now what do we mean by salvation—do we mean to say that salvation is harmony? That in salvation the soul comes into harmony with itself, with God, with its environment, with men? If "harmony is established by obedience to divine law" is this not all there is to it?

No, this is not all there is to it, or mainly what there is to it. Salvation is not stagnation. It is not merely rest and surcease and cessation. It is often turmoil and anguish and pain. How can a man rest in perfect peace today amid the anguish and birth-pains of an emerging civilization? How can he be content with a salvation that is merely a meditation when the whole world is a cauldron boiling hot? How can he call salvation harmony while living in a world that seems to be out of harmony with everything once considered established and secure?

Perhaps we shall have to learn over again what Christ meant when he said: "I come not to bring peace, but a sword." Perhaps we shall have to remove the cotton of a careless indifference from our ears that we may the more clearly hear the warning rumble from the throats of anarchists and atheists and communists and racketeers. Perhaps we must guard ourselves lest while being saved out of the world we lose all interest in saving the world. For salvation that does not aim at a better social order among men is an abortive salvation. No, salvation is not harmony. If that is all it is, it is even less than that.

Is it extinction—a sort of Nirvana, a "blowing out"? Does salvation mean mortification and cauterization and dehumanization? Some people think so. They think when they have reached the point where they no longer think of mundane things, no longer sway in the blowing breezes of desire, no longer need to fight the wild beasts in the jungle of human temptation—then they have reached salvation. But they are mistaken. Salvation that lacks struggle and stress and battle is but a gelatinous thing. Salvation was impossible without the suffering of Christ, and one proof of its possession is that the man who has it suffers.

> This is the way the Master went,
> Shall not His servant tread it still?

Those who hold to the view that salvation is extinction think that when "the human soul arrives at its perfection it is blown out like a candle." Well, it would take neither a philosopher nor a prophet to declare its condition at that moment. It would be in darkness, and how great that darkness! No, salvation is not extinction. It is not a surgical operation taming and weakening the soul. It is abundant life, not less life.

EVOLUTION AND SALVATION

Is it evolution? Theosophy, boasting that it embraces all the essential truths of religion, philosophy and science, declares that man is essentially divine, and that the divine rays progress through man and beyond him, as we know him, up to beings of godlike perfection—such evolution "taking place by successive reincarnations, and the climax of this is salvation."

It was to this view that Billy Sunday referred in a sermon which I heard him deliver when he advised us not to throw a boot-jack at a howling cat at night; for, said he, "the cat might be the reincarnation of some ancestor who used to take music lessons."

Ancient mythology also referred to a phase of this view when it taught that there was a procession of spirits reaching from man to God in an ascending order of superiority and grandeur, which was called the "pleroma"—that is the "filling up" between man and God. Paul, borrowing this idea from ancient mythology, spoke of Christ as the "pleroma"—he was that which filled up the distance between man and God and brought the two together. But to Paul it was more than an evolutionary process.

Oh, of course, there is a modicum of truth in the view that salvation is evolution. Evolution believes in improvement, and salvation is soul-improvement. Evolution teaches progress, and salvation is soul-progress. Evolution believes in ultimate perfection, and salvation is soul-perfection. But evolution lacks initiative. It cannot lift the soul out of the miry clay—it can only walk along by its side after it has itself started on the upward journey. Evolution knows nothing of forgiveness. It cannot lead a soul either to accept forgiveness, or to forgive itself. Evolution is helpless before sin. It can only encourage movement in an environing morality; it cannot lead a soul straight toward the cross.

SALVATION IS EMANCIPATION

Is salvation emancipation? Yes, salvation is emancipation. This is the Christian definition. It is emancipation from the penalty, the pollution and the power of sin. Certainly salvation is safety and fraternity and security and bliss and peace and enlargement, but if one must choose a single term his best definition is emancipation.

In salvation the soul is set free to acknowledge its only Savior, to win its own perfection, to attain its own destiny. All the works of Christ were set in freedom. He freed a woman bound for years in the twisted toils of suffering; he freed a man bound from his birth in bonds of blindness; he freed three people bound in the thongs of death; he died on the cross that all men might be free. Salvation is emancipation.

Down in the southland during the civil war a group of Negroes were gathered at night beneath the glare of burning pine knots to pray for freedom. In the midst of their services came a white man with Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in his hand. He read it to them, but they were ignorant and could not read and the words conveyed no meaning to their minds. They looked at him in stupidity and uncomprehension. Then, half in anger and half in tears, he crumpled up the paper on which the Emancipation was written and flinging it over their heads shouted: "Black men, you're free! You're free!" And one old black mammy on the outskirts of the crowd struck up the old plantation hymn,

"I'm glad salvation's free." Then at last they caught its meaning. What they could not comprehend through carefully wrought sentences, they grasped through emotion. And what they grasped was freedom. Yes, salvation is emancipation.

Salvation is a necessity, from the point of view of God. God is interested in man's salvation and has provided him a way. God gave his son to die for man. He had an only Son and he gave him that he might win sons to his glory. One reason why God gave his son to die for the world was because he thought the world was worth dying for.

It is a necessity from the point of view of Christ. Christ was not merely the gift of God for human redemption, but he was his own gift also. He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from our iniquity. He, too, saw the necessity of salvation and said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again."

JOHN SNAPE

It is a necessity from the point of view of man. Take man at his worst or take him at his best and there is something wrong with man. As David Harum once put it, "there's as much human natur' in some folks as in others, only more."

SIN IS SEPARATION FROM GOD

Sin is rebellion and transgression and deception and negation and omission and confusion and separation. It trails its slimy path across the highways of the world and man slips and falls and wallows in it. It makes of Cain a murderer, of Jacob a trickster, of Abraham a liar, of David an adulterer, of Thomas a doubter, of Peter a denier, of Judas a betrayer.

Its flaming lust produces war; and war is the crucifixion of civilization, the prostitution of science, the tragedy of humanity. It withers the fair flowers of modesty and purity and chastity, and turns tranquil domesticity into a hell on earth. It undermines health, turns intellectuality into imbecility, and shuts the door of hope and heaven in a drunkard's face. Sin is separation from God, and only God incarnate can conquer it and bring the sinner home. Oh, man needs salvation—but there is salvation for him.

Salvation is grounded in the character of God. It turns not so much upon the kind of a sinner man is, as upon the kind of a God God is. He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins if we confess them. Note, the scripture does not say he is tender and gracious to forgive them, but faithful and just. That's the kind of a God he is.

SALVATION AND FAITH

Salvation is made possible through the blood of Christ. Being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. This is a mystery, and there are admitted mysteries in the atonement and we need not even mention our pet theory. We believe that without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins. Christ died for our sins according to the scripture.

Salvation is impossible without the faith of man. Man is not saved by morality or ritual or good works. He is saved by faith in the saving blood of Jesus and it doesn't take much faith, or strong faith, or instructed faith, or doctrinal faith—but simple faith, broken faith, abortive faith in a strong Savior.

Salvation is evidenced in confession. This may be worded, wordless or symbolic, but it is incredible that a man should seize salvation and not report the possession of it.

Contrition, also, will mark his progress in salvation. The man that is saved doesn't brag about it, or about the sins that made him miserable and drove him to accept salvation. I have heard some people in prayer meeting confess their sins with such relish that one could easily believe they were getting a warmed-over enjoyment out of the experience. If there is any one thing that ought to characterize the attitude of a saved man, it is humility and contrition.

SIN MUST BE CORRECTED

Along with confession and contrition comes correction. The saved man orders his habits according to the ideals of the saved. And when he sins he brings upon himself sin's penalty.

S. D. Gordon, in one of his "Quiet Talks," tells a beautiful story of the son of an aged New England minister who had sinned and grievously wronged his godly parents. The boy had slipped into the bad habit of playing hooky from school and one day the teacher of the country school called at the parsonage gate and asked the old pastor where his boy Phil was. And the pastor said, "Why, was he not at school?" And the teacher said, "No, he was not there today and he was not at school yesterday and he was not at school the day before." The father said nothing, but turned with sadness toward the house. He conferred with her with whom for nearly a half a century he had walked and

worked and worshiped. Then he left word with her to send Phil into the study and he himself went in there to pray.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LOVE

The boy knew that his father was aware of what had happened when he entered the study, for he saw the marks of suffering on his face. The father said: "Son, you need not say a word. You know how I love you, but for the last three days you have been living a lie. Now, Phil, there can be no sin without punishment and you must be punished. My punishment for you is that you must live on bread and water for three days and sleep up in the garret in the dark—just as many days as you have persisted in a living lie." And Phil on the first night, took his bread and water and went up in the dark without a light. The old couple sat in their living room. He tried to read and she to knit. Of course, the old man had the paper upside-down—even if it had been right-side-up his eyes were so misty that he would have been unable to read. She was punching away with the knitting needles, but jabbing her fingers instead of the material. Finally he said, "Wife, why don't you go to bed; it's past time"; and she said, "Why don't you?" "Well," he said, "I don't feel sleepy yet. You go first and perhaps I will come later." At last they retired, but neither slept. Finally he said, "Why don't you sleep, wife?" and she replied, "Why don't you?" Then he leaped out of bed and said, "Wife, I can't stand it any longer"; and he took his pillow and went up in the attic and took his place beside his son. Neither spoke, but the tears of each ran down the face of the other and for just as many days as the Savior of the world lay in the tomb, so did the old father lie down beside the sinning boy.

THE FORGIVING GOD

That seems to me to be as beautiful a human picture of the forgiving God as I have ever heard. Sin must be corrected, but he who corrects it shares the punishment.

Cooperation accompanies confession, contrition and correction. The saved soul wants to save others. It is never content with a salvation that is purely a meditation or a subjective experience, but must have a salvation that lays itself against the need and necessity of the world. The challenge that should be constantly burning itself into the hearts of Christian men and women is the challenge couched in the words of Jesus to his disciples, "As my Father sent me into the world, so send I you."

The prayer of Charles D. Meigs—simple it is, but how eloquently effective—might well be the prayer of us all:

Lord, let me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for others.

Others, Lord, yes others—
May this my motto be.
Help me to live for others
That I might live like Thee.

Jesus in a Sordid World

By Archer B. Bass

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted he is able to succor them that are tempted.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

For because he has himself been tempted in what he has suffered he is able to help others that are in trial.

For our high priest is not one who is incapable of sympathy with our weaknesses, but he has been tempted in every way just as we have, without committing any sin. So let us come with courage to God's throne of grace to receive his forgiveness and find him responsive when we need his help. Hebrews 2:18; 4:15, 16.

IF it had to be so, I am glad that history tells us that the world of which Jesus was a part was no better than our world. I am glad we know that it had its political problems, repeated insurrections, and so many dishonest and unjust rulers that such a state of unrest was reached by the time Jesus was a lad that Rome was invited to take over affairs in Palestine.

I am glad, if it had to be so, that we are told that our Savior's little country when he lived faced the problem of high taxation: poll taxes on all, even women and slaves; high and in many cases unjust income taxes, and a form of inheritance payment which resulted often in practical confiscation of great estates.

If it had to be so, I am glad that the historian tells us that when Jesus lived the economic conditions were deplorable; that men were often out of work—as many as eighteen thousand at one time in one place. When the temple was completed—that wages were small, with consequent glaring inequalities of wealth, so that some had more than enough, while others went hungry and begged for the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table.

I am glad, if it had to be true, that these same patient researchers inform us that there were racketeers then; in the person of robbers in the wilderness who preyed for a living upon commerce and peaceful travelers as they journeyed from Jerusalem down to Jericho; in the person of secret assassins—the Sicarri—who rendered life dangerous even for the Jews; in the person of the Zealots who fomented feuds in Jerusalem and went out to die rather than give in to the regularly constituted authority.

If it had to be so, I am glad that we know that the social life was not then all that it should have been; that there existed homes rent by divorce, lives ruined by drink; souls scarred with immorality, children who dishonored their parents, and parents who were unworthy of the name.

I am glad, if it had to be so, that these same patient historians tell us that then there were people who dishonored God, who hated their fellowmen, cheated them in sharp trading, held back that which belonged to par-

ents, saying it was Corban—that is, consecrated to God—when they intended to keep it for themselves; who were intolerant and bigoted, who could not see God for the temple, the Kingdom of Heaven for the kingdom of gold, nor feel the Spirit's leading because so wedded to the letter of the law.

If it had to be so, I am glad that these same researchers assure us that more people were living then who did not know of the true God than who did know of him—great areas of human life which lay in dismal and pagan darkness; while many of those who did claim to know and serve the true God were indifferent and half-hearted in their devotion to him.

If such conditions as I have set forth had to exist when Jesus lived, I am glad that the researches of historians of today enable us to take a page from that age and place it down beside ours, so that we can conclude that there is not now a single obstacle to uprightness in politics, honesty in business, sobriety in personal conduct, fidelity in family relations and sincerity in religion which did not exist then.

I.

I am made happy in thus comparing the history of the *then* with that of the *now* to learn that Jesus' age was just as bad in every particular as our age, because, in the first place, it supplies us with an irrefutable argument with which to meet the cringing fears and cowardice which arise so frequently in our lives as we face the cold stern facts of today. We all know how it is. Talk with irreligious people about becoming Christians, serving God and living for the good of their fellowmen, and a large majority begin immediately to catalogue the difficulties and temptations which stand in their way in this rapid rushing age of ours. Talk with professing Christians about living upon a higher plane of loyalty and devotion, and though they may have an earnest desire so to do, they too begin at once to visualize the hardships to be mastered, the difficulties to be overcome, the testing points in high and low places to be met and conquered, and they all too often decide to rest content in a second or third grade religious life. When the still small voice beckons one of us to deeper consecration and more unselfish work and sacrificial living, what do we say to that voice? Is it not generally this: "Wickedness is so rampant, untruthfulness so prevalent, dishonesty so widespread, cynicism and bigotry so real, we cannot, no we just cannot, for the age is against us"?

But what an indisputable argument we have to meet such caviling fears when we thus compare his age with ours and learn that though his world was just as sordid, yet he came into it, lived the life of a man, and was tempted in all points like as we are, without committing any sin.

"Come unto me and I will make you fishers of men." "Be ye perfect even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." "They are not of the world even as I am not of the world." *That is the way he lived and taught and prayed*—right there in that sordid world, and no one ever convicted him of wrong—in that sordid world; and no one ever saw him unkind—in that sordid world filled with greed and malice, corrupt politics and dishonest business men, moral cynics and religious bigots; yea, in that world he so lived that his enemies said, "Never man spake as he spake" and on the cross prayed for them who did him to death. Yes, in that beastly world he lived without committing any sin. And for what? In order that we, his followers, might do the same in our world. Still we say it cannot be done, because our age is against us. What an argument we have in him against that sort of defeatist talk!

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their

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affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world," wrote one of his early followers to others of his servants in that sordid age. But when those same words fall upon our ears today we opine the ideal is too high; it cannot be done, for our times are against it.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus," wrote another of his servants to Christians in that selfish and rapacious age; but listening to those words now, people reply: "That was possible then, but impossible now."

> I think when I read that sweet story of old
> When Jesus was here among men,
> How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
> I should like to have been with them then.

We should like to have been with them then. Yes, *then!* But it would not have been any easier to have been his follower then than it is to be his follower now. It was not any easier to believe in God then than it is to believe in him now. Then there was more of mythology

and superstition, as much corruption, and when compared with the intellectual standards of the times just as much superficial speculative philosophy which denied the existence of a Supreme Being, as there is today. Then, within the religious circles, the Essenes ran away from the world to live righteously; Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites devoured widows' houses, and for a pretense made long prayers; while the Sadducees said there was no such thing as immortality. Yes, to believe in God and obey him then was difficult and costly. It cost Stephen a martyrdom; Peter imprisonment; James his life; and Paul years upon years of diligent labor in hostile regions. But they paid the price. Was it because they were so close to him who came unto his own, that though his own received him not, as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God? Was it because they were impelled with an intimate memory of the perfect life which he himself had lived in that world, and with minds so filled believed they could do all things through him?

Anyway, there Jesus stood—not the pale Galilean, but the heroic, courageous, sinless life set down in a wicked world; overcame its wickedness, refused to yield to its doubts, fears, cowardice and shame, and lived triumphantly despite it all. When I know that he did so, in order to open vistas to me of what God hopes of me in him, his life becomes one of the most powerful arguments I can use upon myself in periods of discouragements and fears. Will you not try to see it from the same point of view?

II.

Again, when we contrast his age with ours, and realize that his was worse, or at least no better, to know that he lived the life he did makes us glad because, in the second place, we thereby know what sort of faith, hope and love for men can be maintained in such a sordid world. Talk with people today about winning someone to God; how often do we get the reply, "He is beyond hope." Talk with others about evangelizing the world of black men, red men, men of every race and tongue; how often do we get the response, "The task is beyond us, the world is too big, there are so many people it would require all the money we have to send missionaries enough to preach the gospel to every creature. Our churches north and south are filled with people who talk like that. Only about thirty-three per cent of our members give anything for missions; only about sixty per cent give to the support of the church at home. If our people's hearts are where they are putting their money, we certainly have a large number of professing Christians whose hearts are not in the work of spreading the gospel either at home or abroad. Have they become discouraged? Do they feel the task is too huge? Or do they no longer believe that people the world around need to know of the Heavenly Father after the Christian ideal? Is their age too much with them?

Well, when I begin to feel that way I try to recall Jesus in his world. He never lost hope in anyone. To be sure, he spoke the truth with considerable pointedness at times to certain individuals, but no one ever fell so low that he did not hold out the hand of helpfulness when asked for it. The lost coin, the lost sheep, the lost son are three stories he bound together and sent down across the years to stir hope where hope was lost, to enliven love where it had ashened over. If they could talk with us I am sure the woman at the well of Sychar, and Mary Magdalene too, would vehemently deny that he ever closed the door of renewal in the face of any sin-cursed soul. Could the widow with the two mites speak, I am sure she would declare that he never discouraged anyone for doing what he could, however small the service. And that was the way it was with him in an age as bad as ours!

There was little money in the group he loved and taught. They knew little about missionary endeavor, and there were far more people outside of Palestine than in it. Still, the task of going into all the world, preaching the gospel to every creature, teaching them to observe everything which he had taught to them was not an impossible task in his eyes. He held to such a dream and placed upon them such a mammoth task, in an age when people scoffed at itinerant preaching, missionary activity and foolish religious fanaticism—as they termed it—just as some are inclined to do today. But those early followers did what he commanded. Before the first century had passed knowledge of him had been carried from the Euphrates in the east to Spain in the west, and from Africa in the south to a large part of Europe in the north.

Why such enthusiasm, such zealous labor? Was it due to their being so close to him that the fires of his love, faith and hope for the world had not died in their hearts? What would they think of our task could they be in our place today? With millions of money given, for every cent they possessed; with hundreds of thousands of Christian adherents for every ten they had; with travel and communication facilities of which they never dreamed—in a world no worse than theirs, plus all these advantages—would they say, as we so often do, "The task is too large; too futile"? When I begin to feel that way in my cold and heartless age, I think of them, and especially of Him, and take courage again to believe that the task not only should be, but can be done, and I must do my part else I am not living as he wants me to live. I try to recall that his age was against him too.

III.

When we compare our age with his and know that his was as bad or worse than ours, though he still lived in it a life that has inspired the world ever since, we should be glad because, in the third place, we know we have in him a friend who understands, one who in that understanding draws near to us and supplies us with the courage and stamina necessary to live a genuine Christian life in our age.

That is a most pregnant phrase put down here by the writer of Hebrews—"For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." That is a most pregnant phrase which the same writer penned, in speaking of Jesus—"Because he has himself been

tempted in what he has suffered, he is able to help others that are in trial."

Always, but especially today, we have thousands of people who are beginning to doubt the goodness of God, the integrity of men, the worth and value of the human soul; that there are such things as mercy and grace in the universe; they are beginning to question the reality of all the eternal verities, because of the things they have suffered already, and still are forced to undergo.

A WORLD OF CRUSHED HOPES

For one's temptation to disavow faith arises most from the bitter, cold and disappointing experiences of life. The world today is full of crushed hopes, lost fortunes, lost jobs and crumbled aims. Parents are wondering if they can ever send their children to college—something they once felt would be easy enough to do. Heads of homes are wondering how much longer they will be able to keep a roof over the family—a thing which once they never dreamed of being unable to do. Business men are watching their salaries dwindle, their incomes decrease, despite every effort to be upright and honest, because they are a part of this greedy, selfish and avaricious age.

But when we begin to lose faith, to feel that the foundations on which we supposed life stood so unshakably begin to shake and quake, let us try to think of Jesus. The spirit of his age was against him too. The forces of evil compelled him to suffer too. Wrongs and injustices made him experience disappointment too. Nevertheless, in all his sufferings, he held true to his faith in God, his love for his fellowmen, his belief that he still lived in his Father's world. And he won! For what—and why? That he might be the beckoning light forever to us. He triumphed that he might always be our friend, who succors us when we are tempted to quit.

To the one who has little, he comes and says, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, but I have not where to lay my head." To the one who has cheated, he comes and says: They cheated me too; my friend betrayed me, and the populace who hailed me on a Sunday had slunk by Friday into a pathetic helplessness and saw me crucified. To the one in sorrow he comes and says: I too have stood beside the grave of one who was father, and when I left this world on the cross, I had so little of its goods that I had to ask my friend to care for my mother. Tempted in all points like as we are! And because he has himself been tempted in what he suffered, he is able to help those who are in trial. So let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in our time of need.

CHRIST THE ONE GREAT NEED

There is nothing which Christians need more today than to draw near to such a Savior. Our churches are filled with people who are cringing fearfully because they are overwhelmed with difficulties. Our industrial life is cluttered with business men who acknowledge that they drive hard bargains, oppress their employes and hoard their gain because their moral mood is fashioned by this wicked world. Thousands of professed followers of Jesus are living in a defeatist atmosphere, amid the dust and debris of the collapsed economic structure, and are now looking for sentimentality which they do not need, rather than for moral stamina and courage which they do need: all because of this terrible and terrific age of ours.

But there has been no peace-time period through which we have ever lived when such defeatism should be set aside by us in thought, word and conduct, more than at the present. What we need is hope, the hope which the Christianity of Jesus Christ can supply if we will but let it do so.

We need today something of the moral courage which all of us had during the war, when we gave until it hurt, worked without thought of reward and offered ourselves upon the country's altar for thirty dollars per month, plus keeps. Nor do I know where we can get that courage and hope in a larger measure than from the Christian religion. Think of Jesus as he was in his world and see what he did, that you and I may be truly his in our age. In his company we shall know that his sort of life is needed in our day, for the very reason that our world is bad, our age greedy, our times craven. Let us do his work, speak his words, teach his ideas and live his ideals, and thus become living epistles known and read of all men. Thus shall we be the light of the world. But light is not needed except in darkness!

The Education of the Heart

By George Hamilton Combs

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Proverbs 4:23.

THE chief trouble of the world today is that it is getting the wrong kind of education. What do I mean by that? That there is an over-emphasis of science or an under-emphasis? Too much of the classics or too little? Too much stress on vocational training or not enough? Nothing of the kind. It is the wrong kind of education because chiefly it is the education of the head and not the education of the head *and* the heart. With no niceties of metaphysical discrimination I am using the word heart in its Hebrew sense, inclusive of intellect and will.

Our present-day education is failing us because it is an education only of the intellect. This partial education prevails in school and home and church.

On the very face of it this is the type of education found in school, college, university. The training of youth's head is looked after, but youth's heart is left to go hog-wild. The perceptive faculties are sharpened; the faculties of imagination, of wonder are left unstirred. There is provision for the ripening of judgment, of memory; there is no provision for the ripening of the emotional faculties, of the esthetic, of the virtues that spring only from the soil of the heart. In our educational scheme culture and character are poles apart. The child's head is stuffed with mathematics, languages; the

child's heart remains suspended in a vacuum. In its educational program the state concerns itself with cramming the head with knowledges, but manners and morals are left out of the account. To be sure moral influences are at work in our schools, but they emanate from the personality of the teacher and not the curriculum. In our schools there is no primary emphasis of honor, of truth-telling, of kindness, of considerateness, of self-reliance, of courage, of affection—all heart-growths.

The same defective education prevails in our homes. True, to a degree, in our homes we give lip-service to the fundamental virtues that root themselves in the heart, but too often this runs directly counter to the success-ideals held up before our children. Those ideals have no homing in the heart. Who is the successful boy? The boy who gets on, who goes to the front, who stands out from the crowd in business and the professions, who amasses wealth, whose name gets itself into the "Who's Who" and social registers of the world. The successful girl is the girl who attains social prominence, who makes a brilliant "match," who marries a man who can give her furs and pearls and all the luxuries of life, whose name is always at the top of the list and never "among those present." Following after such materialistic ideals, youth grows cynical and coldly calculating. Its heart-fields have known little of rain or sun.

THE LUMBER OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE

To a degree, this mistake is being repeated in our churches. Here again, the stress is on *knowing*—knowing creeds, knowing catechisms, knowing Bible places and Bible persons and Bible events and Bible doctrines. How far from Jericho to Jerusalem? How many books in the Bible? Who "begot" and whom did who "beget"? And which of the Pauline epistles was written first? Let me give you my slant on this matter. I hold that it is of far greater worth to a child to come to the appreciation of a single heart-virtue, such as the immortal friendship of David and Jonathan, than to know all the Israelitish wars. That it is more of worth to a girl to be captured by the heart-beauty of a Moabitess, Ruth, as she says to her old mother-in-law, "Where thou goest I will go; where thou stayest I will stay; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God," than to know the girth of all the cedars of Lebanon. That it means far more to youth to be enthralled by the idealism of the boy Jesus, as he says to his wondering parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" than to know the size of the town he lived in or the language he spoke. Broadly, the education of our Sunday schools is defective in that it concerns itself more with the head than with the heart.

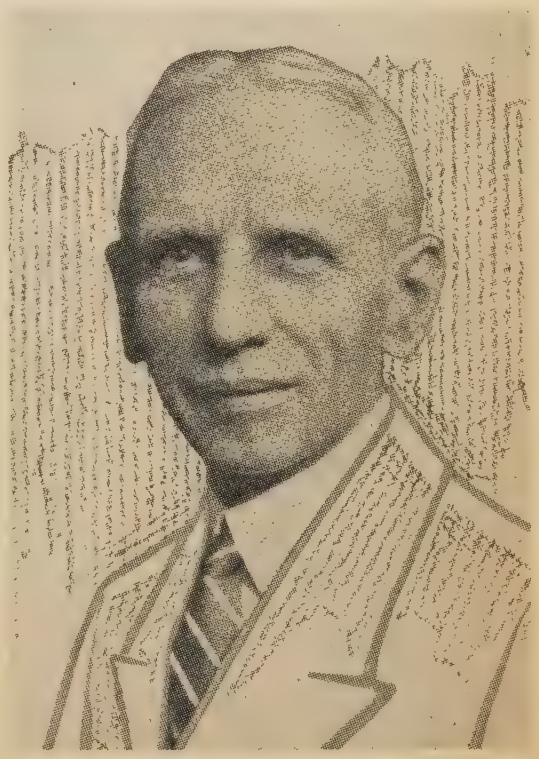
Move into the auditorium and listen to the preacher. What is he doing? Making the same mistake—pouring knowledges into the heads of his people. And God knows they have more knowledges already than they are using.

What's the harvest of all this sowing? State, home and church, half pagan, wherein head qualities are held as flowers in our gardens, heart-virtues as weeds to be trodden underfoot. Yet head-knowledge alone is failure.

Let me give you some reasons why, of all educations, the education of the heart is most important.

I

First, because *the heart is the chief organ of knowledge.* We all want to know things. "Mere licht, mere licht" was not only Goethe's cry but the world's cry. But how can we come to knowledge, to knowledge of the greatest things of life? Through the heart. Listen to Solomon's prayer: "Give thy servant an understanding *heart.*" Listen to Pascal: "The heart can see farther than the head." Some things we can see by using the head alone—a stump, a star, the chemical constituents of a stalk of corn, the truth of a geometrical proposition. But these are not the biggest things in the universe



George Hamilton Combs

to be seen. The biggest things can be seen only through the heart.

For example, how can you come to know what poverty is? Through the head? Through the studies of the statistics of the unemployed, of the hungry, of the homeless? Through the eyes of the economist? Not at all. Through the heart. Only through the gate of sympathy can you come to a comprehension of poverty, an understanding of the poor. Mrs. Browning's heart-cry, "The Cry of the Children"—"Do you hear the children crying, O my brother?"—did more to rouse England to the hurt of the poverty that forced children to have their lives ground into bits by the soulless mills than all the findings of the economists. Edward Markham with his heart-poem, "The Man With the Hoe," and its searching question, "Who can give back the upward looking and the dream?" will do more to open your eyes to the damnableness of poverty than all the stolid sociological data your head will hold. Enter the home of poverty. See the bewilderment of the man out of money and out of work. Put your heart against the

heart of parents who know not how they can provide sanitary surroundings or medicine or physician's care for a sick child. Try to understand that tearing anguish they know who when a child dies have no money to buy either a grave site or a coffin. You can't learn all this through the head. You can learn it only through the heart.

As of the distressful, so of the high things and the highest you come to knowledge through the heart. How can you come to know your mother? Through the head? The revelations of your mother are the revelations of her heart and can be glimpsed only by the heart's eye. How know God? "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Yes and no. No, if your head goes questing; yes, if your heart goes out to find. "The pure in heart shall see God."

II

A second reason why heart education is most important is this: *through the heart comes our happinesses.* We crave happiness. Make us happy, Lord—that is the universal litany. But happiness does not come to us through the head gate. If the intellect spelled happiness, then a man's felicity could be estimated by the size of his hat band. If the culture of the intellect meant happiness, then joys could be measured in the terms of university degrees. But scholarship is not a synonym of happiness. Of all the groups on earth the group we dub the intellectualists is the saddest. You can't hook a ray of sunshine with your head. You can't dispel the gloom with a diploma. The bells of happiness ring out only in the steeples of the heart.

By and large, our happinesses are commensurate with our appreciations. The larger the number, the greater the extent of our appreciations, the happier we are. Does this physical universe give us happiness? Only to the extent of our appreciation of its beauties and its grandeurs, the curve of a cloud, the scarlet of a sunset, the shimmer of a lake, the violets of the dusk, the greens of the springtime and the russets of November, the song of a lark, the rustlings of soft leaves. If you don't appreciate these things, if you don't love them, they yield you no joys. So of books. Your happiness is the measure of your appreciation, your loves. So of friendship. Your friends yield you happiness not in the measure of your knowledge of them, your recognitions of their limitations, but in your appreciations of their excellencies. If that be true, and it is, then the love of a single flower will bring more happiness than a knowledge of all the botanies; the love of one book will yield more satisfaction than the knowledge of a library; the appreciation of one good quality of a friend is far more valuable than a head-knowledge of all his virtues and all his faults. At rock bottom we get no happiness out of anything we do not love.

We speak of the happiness that comes to us through art, architecture, painting, sculpture—but through what gate does it come? Love's gate. You may *know* all the schools of architecture, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, Renaissance, Gothic, Georgian—but that knowledge brings no happiness. Happiness comes only as you are stirred to rapture at the sight of an Egyptian tomb or Greek temple or Roman arch or Gothic spire, or Tudor turret. Sculpture? You can know all the marbles in all the museums of the world, and the hands that chiseled them, and get not a single thrill out of that knowledge. The thrill comes only as the heart claps its hands at the glimpse of a Laocoon or a David. Painting? You may be able to talk glibly of all the painters and all the schools from the hour the first caveman spread his daub on a rock cliff to the last savage futurist who flings his nightmare on canvas, yet joy will come to you only when standing before some canvas. Love laughs at sight of the beauty that is in color and line.

It is so in every field of life. The depth of your happiness is the width of your loving.

III

A third reason—*the heart is creative.* The head isn't. The head divorced from the heart is impotent. It takes the heart to set the head to going. The head may know how to do a thing, but the heart must also want to do it or it will not be done at all. The head, apart from the heart, is as a water-wheel with no water to turn it, as the bullet in the rifle without a powder charge. Man is prodded onward not by his thoughts, but by his desires. The head is cold, the heart is hot, and only fire is the mother of us all. The world, as the geologists tell us, began as a molten mass, so every great thing in it has been scorched into greatness. Flame is the world's whip. Every great movement in the world was born of a passion. Liberty is the offspring of love. The crusades were rocked in the cradle of an exultant faith. When a passion for beauty began to beat beneath the ribs of the Dark Ages, then came the Renaissance. The reformation of Luther was a conflagration, not a dogma. The Wesley movement was a shout and a song. Columbus sailed his lonely caravans across the grey sea straight westward not through knowledge, but through faith. Discoveries in the world's waste places were not through the pull of the head, but the push of an adventuring soul. Michelangelo flung his frescoes on the walls of the Sistine Chapel and swung St. Peter's dome in air out of his deathless hunger for beauty. It was love of beauty in line that gave us the marbles of a Phidias; it was love of beauty in color that gave us the Madonnas of a Raphael; it was love of beauty in harmony that gave us the scores of Bach; it was the love of beauty in word that set the skylark singing in Shelley's immortal ode. Through the ages the springs of philanthropy have been in pity. Patriotism roots itself in the heart alone. Great orations have always been rocked in great emotions. The secrets of great preaching are in the heart. Pulpits speak with power only when they flame.

THE CHURCH MUST LOVE

Everything that's worth while comes from the heart! Man's redemption began in the heart, the heart of the All Father. How does it read? "God so *knew* the world that he gave . . . ?" Ah, no, "God so *loved* the world that he gave his only begotten son"—to us the sinful. It was not knowledge of us, but love for us that drove Jesus to the cross on which his great heart broke.

The church is in the world today not through what it knows, but through what it hopes and what it loves. The two great and everlastingly binding command-

T[illegible]curity

By James E. Freeman

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children. . . . And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates. Deuteronomy 6:6, 7, 9.

Again therefore Jesus spake unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life. John 8:12.

LET us begin our message with an allegory—a great drama, the immortal story of one who, in the midst of trials and conflicts, struggled on towards the light. So runs the tale:

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do?' I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run, yet stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field: 'Do you see yonder wicket gate?' The man said 'No.' Then said the other, 'Do you see yonder shining light?' He said, 'I think I do.' Then said Evangelist, 'Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate, at which when thou knockest it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.' "

Thus Bunyan describes the confusion of a world pilgrim burdened with care, with sensibilities dulled by the world's confusions, uncertain of his way, groping for the light. It is a graphic picture of the twentieth century man or woman. It has universal application to the conditions that face us today. Our domestic, social, industrial and political world presents to the careful or careless observer a situation that strains confidence and assurance to the breaking point. In no place is this bewildering, confused situation more acute than in the homes of our people. Landmarks that once availed us are largely obscured; traditions and practices in which we were trained and that have constituted the well-recognized conventions of home and social usage have suffered a challenging arrest, that has for the while checked their influence and denied their authority.

OLD STANDARDS PASSING

Take it by and large, the situation we face is fraught with manifold difficulties and seemingly insoluble problems. The home, the church, and the school were once regarded as the strong and indispensable pillars of our civilization. We measured our growth by these standards and our neighbors appraised us by the consistency with which we adhered to them. The "three R's" of education were fundamental to all intellectual training and mental development. The well-conceived disciplines of an orderly home were the sure signs of domestic decency, and a consistently observed Sunday with its quiet and reverence and unfailing church worship was the badge of respectability and the hall mark of a standardized, well-conceived method of character building.

The changes which a post-war age has effected in these three vital matters are beyond our power to measure or adequately appraise. We are not pessimistic, nor would we attempt to arrest the new and strong currents that like a swollen, rushing torrent are changing the shore lines of our civilization. A dispassionate, just, and discriminating judgment sees much in the swiftly changing conditions to commend. The very fact that men and women are giving more consideration to some of the deep-rutted ideas that have so long fixed our course is highly commendable, but the large and pertinent question is, are they reckoning, in their lust for change and their search for variety, with those certain and long-tested qualities, practices, methods and virtues that have made of our nation one of the strongest, most virile, most envied the modern world has known?

A COMMANDING LEADERSHIP NEEDED

Confused times, with the world pilgrim straying and uncertain as to his course, call for a kind of directing and commanding leadership that is unembarrassed and unconfused by the conflicting opinions of a fickle, variable, shifting and shiftless course of action. Yield as we will and must to the dictum that "new occasions teach new duties," we still hold to the conviction

that in the stellar spaces of our corporate and individual life there are fixed stars that are indispensable to our safe sailing and that insure our reaching the port or haven we seek to attain. New channels, and more direct no doubt, will be found, and they may make our course shorter, more comfortable and safer, but if we are to gain and follow the great ocean lanes, the well-defined lanes that navigation in the open seas of human progress has long observed, we shall have to unroll afresh some of the old, well-thumbed charts, that experienced and successful mariners have used in other and happier days.

AN AGE OF EXTERNALS

Changing styles of dress and customs and cleverly devised inventions for making the voyage of life a bit easier and more comfortable do not affect those deep principles that have to do with the serenity of mind and the satisfaction that inevitably issues from adherence to ways and practices that the tests of experience have proved wholesome and profitable. Our age is an age of exaggerated externals. Its appraisals are too much based upon superficial study and observation. The muddied currents of life run so swiftly that we too infrequently plumb them to discover their shallowness and too casually observe their tendencies to determine their course and direction.

Never has there been a time, in our generation, that called for more of sober, serious thinking than is called for today, and rarely, if ever has there been less. It is an interesting, colorful age, one that fascinates even if it bewilders us, but if it is to leave our household unimpaired and safe for the generation that is to follow us, it will require that we look more considerately and reflectively to the rock whence we were hewn and to those well-defined paths by which we have climbed to our present place of vantage.

There are some principles, some rules, some conventions, if you will, that we dare not treat inconsiderately or ruthlessly ignore.

SCHOOLS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HOME

I pay glad tribute to those faithful men and women who, in the days of my youth, set before me ideals and stirred within me aspirations and impulses, that have stood me in stead even to this latest day. No word of mine can add to or subtract from that deserved meed of praise that all too infrequently is paid to our faithful staff of public instructors. The great public school system is the boasted pride of America. With this wholly inadequate tribute let us again affirm that, auxiliary as the school may be to the home in this matter of moral and religious training, it is not and cannot serve as a substitute. The state does not assume this role. Whatever arguments may be advanced that it should, we do not discuss them here. I am speaking today to men and women, home-makers many of them, responsible citizens, all of them, to whom in lesser or greater degree this task of character building is committed. There is no obligation that is weightier, there is no civic duty that is more insistent.

Neither education nor legal enactments determine

JAMES E. FREEMAN

leader admonishes his people on the eve of his withdrawal from them. They had passed through strange and difficult times. Repeatedly, through their folly, they had jeopardized their very peace and happiness. Reviewing their tragic experiences Moses declares to them that whatever of success or fortune might attend them in the future, it would be secured to them by adherence to those certain rules or principles of life (a code if you will, of faith and practice) that in their most eventful and prosperous days had been their stay and security. "Take heed to yourselves," he said, "that your heart be not deceived and ye turn aside and serve other gods and worship them." That this basic rule of life might be made more conspicuously evident to them, they were to "teach it to their children," it was to be made vocal and compelling in the home; it was to be so evident to stranger and friend alike that symbols of this loyalty were to adorn the houses in

which they dwelt. "Thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thine house and on thy gates."

Thus and thus only would their strength be preserved and their happiness and permanence assured. In a strange land amid new surroundings the witness to their religious convictions must be made the outstanding sign of their obedience to the God who had led and preserved them a people.

The story is an old one but it has mighty lessons for our time. We are strenuously and laboriously trying to dig ourselves out of the deep pit into which a world war with its attending disasters has plunged us. We are, along with the nations of the world, endeavoring to recover our sanity and poise and those things that we have regarded as indispensable to life. A whole nation is making an experiment in economic reconstruction that is so stupendous in its ramifications and comprehensiveness that the world about us looks on with amazement and wonderment. We are being compelled to mobilize and consolidate and coordinate our complex industrial machinery that the shadows of a nationwide calamity may be dispelled. There are evidences that our people are loyally responding; the horizon is brightening with the fore-glintings of a new day. God speed the undertaking! Loyalty to the common weal demands unquestioning obedience.

REBUILDING OUR WORLD

What are we doing to give strength and purpose and permanence to this endeavor by addressing ourselves to the rehabilitation of our homes and firesides? Is there, along with this struggle to regain our lost confidence and our industrial prosperity a like endeavor to set our house in order and to reestablish those ways and practices that are fundamental to our peace and our continuing happiness? Will the glitter and the show which returning prosperity inevitably brings in its train be the sure witness that America has regained her proud place and is ready and prepared to show the world how buoyant, resourceful and efficient she is? Let us hope not. Let us dare to believe that she is not to neglect her soul while she stabilizes her markets and repairs the breaches that have been made in her economic structure. The seriousness—yes, and the magnitude of our task—challenges the best that is in us. We have risen before from the ashes of defeat; it is our belief and hope we shall do so again and do it with greater firmness of purpose and depth of conviction than we have ever known.

A MOMENTOUS YEAR

This may prove to be the most momentous year in our history. One hundred and forty-six years ago our constitution was adopted. The men who wrought this incomparable document had a profound faith and trust in God. Many of them were members of this ancient church. They stood for the fine things of home and country and they erected a republic whose dignity, resources and power are the wonder and admiration of the modern world. Have we of this later age the moral worth to preserve and secure it to posterity? The answer to this searching question will not be given in halls of legislation; it must come, and come in no uncertain terms, from the homes of our people. We are faced with a task so great in its proportions that it will test, even more than war and calamity, the stuff of which we are made. The immediate danger is that we shall be so absorbed in our industrial problems that in our haste we shall forget that which has to do with the deepest and most intimate concerns of our life.

If there is no recovery of wholesome and decent domestic and social practice, no adequate return to the ways of marital fidelity and felicity, to well-ordered, well-disciplined homes and a social habit that is freed from indulgences that degrade and debase the adult and the youth alike, we shall be building our new estate upon shallow foundations that will not bear the weight of the superstructure we seek to rear. I am not unmindful of the new ways of which we proudly boast, nor of the emphasis we place upon self-expression and its liberating tendencies. We have a new psychology and we play fondly with the later theories expressed in terms of behaviorism. Let us, to whom the sacred things of the home are entrusted, remember that the present and the future of our great republic will be fixed and determined by what we have of character more than what we hold of wealth.

If we would see our way out of our confusion and

A Pastoral Prayer

By Thomas F. Gailor

ALMIGHTY God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whom we live and move and have our being:

We implore Thy guidance and Thy blessing for our government and people in this time of the distress and perplexity of nations.

Give wisdom and courage to our leaders, and to all our people the spirit of faith and loyalty, that in all things they may seek Thy approval and ever be ready to learn and to do Thy will.

In Thy hands, O heavenly Father, are the issues of life and death, of prosperity and adversity, and to Thee the boasted strength and the abounding resources of the greatest nations are but as small dust in the balance.

Thou knowest our weakness and hast compassion upon our infirmity.

Give ear, we pray Thee, to our supplications, and enable us, by Thy Holy Spirit, to realize, more and more, the eternal values and the eternal hope, that, though we be troubled on every side, we shall not be distressed, and though we be perplexed, we shall not despair.

For Thou, O God, art our refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms; and to Thee be the glory and the praise and the honor, now and forever. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

disorders, let us keep the light that proceeds from him who declared himself the "Light of the World," in our eye; let us, in the language of Bunyan, "go up directly thereto," so shall we find the gate and when we knock thereon and enquire it will be told us what we must do.

The Enemies of Jesus

By B. H. Bruner

So from that day forth they took counsel that they might put him to death. John 11:53.

WHY should such a character as Jesus of Nazareth have had any enemies? His whole life was spent in service for others. He went about doing good and never sought anything for himself. He was gentle, and even when he rebuked men he did not try to arouse their anger and enmity. And yet, he did have enemies, the most bitter and vicious any man ever had—enemies with falsehoods upon their lips and murder in their hearts. Jesus of Nazareth had enemies because there was something in his very presence which challenged all that is mean and low and selfish in human nature. He had enemies because his life and message disturbed people whose lives did not ring true. He had enemies because the high notes which he struck did not harmonize with the discordant music of his day, and because the spotless whiteness of his soul made the souls of others look all the blacker. He had enemies because he was in the way of certain people who did not want to be bothered.

Strange as it may seem, the greatest lover who ever wooed the hearts of men was to be hated most deeply by men, and the most gentle character who ever walked this earth was destined to receive the roughest treatment at the hands of men that human hatred could devise.

THE NATURE OF JESUS' ENEMIES

Who were the enemies of Jesus in the days of his flesh? They were not found among the common people. These people hailed him as their friend. The publicans and sinners found in him one who understood their deepest needs and longings. Jesus rebuked these men and women and urged them to sin no more. But there was nothing in his words of rebuke which aroused any resentment in their souls. Always and everywhere, Jesus impressed those who had become slaves to the lusts of the flesh that his first interest was in them and their salvation. In the beginning, and in fact through most of his public ministry, the Romans were not the enemies of Jesus. The Roman officials took no action until they were stirred up against him. The enemies of Jesus were men who were supposed to be religious. They fasted, they attended religious services, they gave tithes of their possessions, and they made long prayers on the street-corners to be seen and heard of men. They controlled the priests in the temple who offered sacrifices to God for the people. These men were the bitter enemies of the most religious man who ever lived.

The official names of these enemies of Jesus were Pharisees and Sadducees. The Pharisees were jealous for the traditions and practices of religion; the Sadducees were jealous for the offices and profits of religion. The Pharisees of Jesus' day were the victims of the religious system which they had helped to build. Religion, for them, had become a thoroughly external thing. They were obsessed with the idea that all authority in heaven and on earth had been entrusted to them. This authority was expressed in the law and was enforced through a thousand minute regulations. The outside of the cup had to be clean no matter what was on the inside. They were religious bigots of the worst type. They were splendid examples of the finished product of a purely formal and external religion.

The Sadducees of Jesus' day were religious racketeers. Religion, for them, was a business, and a profitable business. They knew the ignorance, the weaknesses, and the superstitions of the common people. They controlled the priesthood which stood between God and the people, and they had been successful in making the people believe that only through this priesthood and the temple could men have access to God and receive his forgiveness and blessings. Their power in office and their living depended upon this exploitation of the common people, and therefore, upon their ability to keep them in ignorance and cultivate their fears and superstitions. No group of grafters and racketeers ever played their game more shrewdly and profitably than the Sadducees. They were the aristocrats of the Jewish race.

THE DEATH-PLOT OF JESUS' ENEMIES

The enemies of Jesus had already decided upon his fate before he entered Jerusalem for the last time. They had already made their choice. His entrance into the city only increased their determination to act. They had reasoned like this: "If we let this man alone, all men will believe on him; and the Romans will come and take away both our peace and our nation." Caiaphas had said: "Ye know nothing at all. This is not a matter to debate. There is only one thing to do. I vote for death. It is expedient for one man to die rather than the whole nation." Now, they "took counsel against him," and decided to act at once. The Pharisees and Sadducees were not always in accord. But in the case against Jesus of Nazareth there was perfect agreement.

He had a strange power over the people which they did not understand. His popularity was increasing. He was about to make his appeal at a time and in a place where he would have the ear of the whole nation. They chose to put him to death because they wanted to get rid of him rather than to reckon with him in a fair way. Caiaphas was the first man who actually had the nerve to suggest death. In his mind things had reached a state which called for immediate and desperate measures. And, as Dr. John A. Hutton says: "It was Caiaphas who wrapped up the suggestion in a form of words which enabled men to act upon it with the feeling, not that they were indulging their own passions, but with the feeling that they were carrying out a great moral principle. Caiaphas is the patron saint of all those more subtle scoundrels who have supplied people with a

phrase or formula which, because it sounds learned, or religious even, enables them to do something which all the time they know is wrong." And when this choice was finally made, the means by which it was to be carried out could be either fair or foul. It was the end and not the means which had real interest for the enemies of Jesus.

The greatest tragedy in the life of the race was the product of a perverted and selfish religion. A Judas was ready to betray Jesus for a few pieces of money. False witnesses were easy to find who were willing to say whatever they were hired to say. Politicians like Pilate and Herod, who knew they should defend Jesus, were easily handled. The masses of the people were

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ready to be fooled by a few catch phrases which were broadcast through the city. But, as someone has suggested, "When all is said, and all who had a part in the death of Jesus are given their full share of the blame, behind them all, heaping up the coals of anger and spite and bitterness, were the leaders of the Jewish religion. Jesus was crucified by the leaders of religion! That is a real and significant fact we must never lose sight of."

The choice of the enemies of Jesus was a fatal choice. They killed the son of God and thought they were through with him. But he came forth from the tomb to be their judge. They had killed the man who had wept over their city and poured out the anguish of his soul in these unforgettable words: "If thou hadst known in this thy day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! But now they are hid from thy eyes. For the days shall come upon thee when thy enemies shall cast up a bank against thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knowest not the day of thy visitation. . . . O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chicks under her wing, but ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" These judgments, pronounced in love, were fulfilled to the very letter. F. W. Robertson preached one of his greatest sermons upon these judgments of Jesus. He called it, "Three Times in a Nation's History." For the enemies of Jesus there were three times: a time of grace; a time of blindness; and a time of judgment. When Jesus came they had their time of grace. When Jesus wept over the holy city they were in their time of blindness. When Titus and his conquering army battered down the walls of the city and drenched its streets with blood, the time of judgment had come.

THROUGH THE CENTURIES

Jesus of Nazareth has always had his enemies. His life and influence have been productive of more genuine goodness than any other power which has ever entered the world. The light of his teaching has penetrated farther and deeper into those mysteries which trouble the minds of men and into those dark spots of earth which make for pain and human misery than any other light which has ever shone. And yet, at every turn, and in every century since he came, his enemies have dogged his footsteps and sought to destroy his power and influence among men. And always, among his greatest enemies, the so-called religious leaders have been numbered.

The church had not gone very far in its career until men of the type of both the Pharisees and the Sadducees appeared in its life. When Christianity reached the creed-making stage under the influence of Greek philosophy, the Pharisees came into their own. Since that day Christianity has never been free from that group of men who have associated the religion of Jesus with the letter rather than the spirit, and who have held that the faith by which men are to live is a matter of so many words stated in a certain way. When the church became ambitious for power and wealth under the influence of Roman imperialism, the Sadducees took the reins in their hands. Christianity fell into the hands of a highly organized priesthood which developed into a group of religious racketeers, and for a thousand years their power was supreme. The common people were kept in absolute bondage through the encouragement of ignorance and the cultivation of superstition and fear. Many of the great cathedrals of the old world were built by the sale of indulgences which was the greatest and most unscrupulous religious racket ever perpetrated upon the human race.

MODERN PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES

Following the revival of learning and the Protestant reformation, the average intelligence of the people was considerably increased. But very soon these same two types of religious leadership developed in the reformed church. The attitude of the Pharisees was reflected in that group of religious bigots who were largely responsible for the various divisions in the Protestant

church and who were willing to burn at the stake those who did not agree with them, or to baptize them in vats of boiling oil. The various branches of the Protestant church, with one exception, have never developed a highly organized priesthood. But Protestantism has had its share of Sadducees who have worked their religious racket by dangling men and women over the red-hot fires of a literal hell and seeking to hold them through fear. The Pharisees and Sadducees are still in the Church of Jesus Christ. There are some so-called leaders in the modern church who, if we may judge them by their attitudes and words, would burn those who do not agree with them if they dared. And there are religious racketeers in places of power and authority in the church today. Their interest in the cause of Christ does not extend beyond the emoluments of their office.

CRUCIFYING JESUS TODAY

And in every century since the Jewish leaders put him to death to get rid of him the choice of the enemies of Jesus has been very much the same. In their slavery to the letter the creed-makers and defenders have had very little in common with the living Christ and his spirit in the world. When Jesus has sought to soften the spirit of those who would kill one another for the sake of the letter by his great words, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye have love one for the other," they have pushed him aside and crucified him just as surely as his enemies of the first century nailed him to the cross. When Jesus has stood in the presence of those who have made his religion a matter of profit for a ruling class in the church, to remind them that his house should not be made a "den of thieves," they have voted with one accord to crucify him.

They have built great temples of worship and filled them with stone and marble likenesses of the Christ. They have carved his figure upon their altars and painted his face in glowing colors upon their windows. They have bowed before his image upon crosses made by the hands of men. But they have crowded his living spirit out of their hearts and out of the church which wears his name. In his own church Jesus of Nazareth has often been just as homeless and alone as when he walked the highways of Palestine in the flesh with no place to lay his head.

RELIGION IN THE WRONG HANDS

When we face that tragedy of nineteen hundred years ago knowing that it came about because a once great religion had got into the wrong hands and had become congealed in cold, rigid forms, we are forced to ask a few questions about religion in our own day.

"The pattern for formal Judaism in Jesus' time," says Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, "is easily summarized; the Jews are the true people of God; to be a son of Abraham, to be circumcised, and to keep the law are the assurance of salvation; the rabbis have the scriptures, which are inspired, and, as well, the traditions of the elders which explain what the scriptures mean; if a man believes what the rabbis teach and does what the law commands he is a faithful Jew, and in the good time coming when God will punish his enemies and reward his friends those who are saved will be in Paradise while the rest are damned. That was conventionalized Judaism."

And, continues Dr. Fosdick, "much of our present-day Christianity is formal and conventionalized. We are surrounded by it on every side. Put church for synagogue, baptism for circumcision, New Testament for the Old, the creeds of the church for the traditions of the elders, the clergy for the rabbis, heaven for Paradise and hell for Sheol, and you have conventionalized Christianity. They have changed the cloth but it is cut to the same old pattern. Yet it was against such stereotyped religion, with its lack of human sympathy, its exclusiveness and its hypocrisy, that Jesus hurled his most terrific denunciations, and the struggle against it led his footsteps by inevitable paths to Calvary."

Is Jesus Christ and his message safe in the hands of modern conventionalized Christianity? Must he go to another Calvary after nineteen hundred years? The answer to these questions depends upon the choice of the religious leadership of the twentieth century.

THE PERSONAL QUESTION

This choice of the enemies of Jesus raises a tremendous personal question. What is our personal religion? Is it a cold, formal, selfish thing? Or is it a vital religion? Is it such, that when somehow the presence of the living Christ intrudes itself into our lives, it causes us to welcome that presence, or does it make us want to put Jesus out of the way? Are things in such order in the temples of our souls that we welcome the Son of God there, or does his presence disturb some of those unholy thoughts and practices we have been sheltering there? Are we so wedded to our little places of power and authority in the church that we do not want even the Christ to have a larger place than we? These are vital questions which every soul must answer some day, for Jesus is coming into our temples to challenge many of the things which we have accepted as a part of our formal faith and practices. Are we willing and ready to accept him when he does come, or are we making ready to vote for his death because he is in the way?

The first enemies of Jesus put him to death by crucifixion. There are other ways. They nailed him to a cross of wood. We may nail him to a cross of gold or a cross of public shame and scorn because of our selfish and godless attitudes. They put him to death to get him out of the way. We put him to death when we crowd him out of our thoughts. For to the man who never has a thought of Christ from week to week, he surely is a dead Christ. They mocked him as he was being led away to his death. We mock him when we come down from that high level on which we are supposed to live as his disciples and allow the beast within us to assert itself. In John Masefield's poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," Saul Kane is pictured in a dirty drinking and gambling den, surrounded by his companions. Into that place there came a young woman with a sweet face and a pure soul. She was well known, for she always made the rounds of the drinking-dens before the closing hour. The men all had a high reverence for her. But on this particular night Saul Kane was in an ugly mood. He

called upon her to lead them in a song. She refused to be insulted, and looking him squarely in the eye, she said:

> Saul Kane . . . when next you drink,
> Do me the gentleness to think
> That every drop of drink accursed
> Makes Christ within you die of thirst,
> That every dirty word you say
> Is one more flint upon his way,
> Another thorn about his head,
> Another mock by which he tread,
> Another nail, another cross,
> All that you are is that Christ's loss.

What F. W. Robertson said about the nations—that there are three times in the life of every nation—is equally true of every human soul. There are three times in the history of the human soul when its eternal destiny depends upon the choice which is made. There is a time of grace; a time of blindness; a time of judgment. God is neither an arbitrary tyrant nor is he a merciless judge. But the laws of God are fixed just as surely in the moral as in the physical order. In those parts of the earth where the gospel is being preached, to every soul there comes an opportunity to come to terms with Jesus Christ. When that time is allowed to pass, a spiritual blindness settles down upon the soul which begins to shut out the highest and best things in life. There is nothing in human experience which so effectively blurs the vision in the presence of the finer distinctions of life, like a persistent rejection of Jesus Christ and all that he stands for in the world. Jesus is the highest and best the race has ever known. And for those whose eyes of spiritual vision and discernment have been put out, judgment is inevitable.

Lenten Verse

Eucharist

STILL we who follow Christ in deed
Must break the bread and spill the wine:
Still must a costly Eucharist
Be for a sacrifice and sign.

Our bodies broken for the truth
By mobs or Pharisees of State
Must be the bread which Liberty
Feeds on, and lives, and waxes great.

Our blood, our covenant of love,
Is the rich wine which we must give
To a sick world that hates the gift—
So, by our dying, God may live.

Not by the grape or wheaten bread
Can we partake the Eucharist:
Communion is to give to God
Our blood and bodies, like the Christ.

E. Merrill Root.

If This Is All

IF this is all—one little ball
Of transitory Earth,
And we must fall, at Death's last call,
Like apples—no more worth;
Why do the stars make pathways for my eyes,
The moon with melody fill all the skies,
Creation's anthem peal for each sunrise—
If our Earth ball is all?

If Life is meat and only meat
For one swift day—then Night,
And I must eat my morsel sweet,
E'er fades its fitful light;
What means this surge within like mystic leaven,
Why do my hungers reach from hell to heaven,
My soul range universes seven times seven,
If Life is only meat?

Alban Asbury.

The Captains of The Years

I WATCHED the Captains
A-riding, riding
Down the years;
The men of mystic grip
Of soul, a-riding
Between a hedge of spears.

I saw their banners
A-floating, floating
Over all,
Till each of them had passed,
And Christ came riding
A donkey lean and small.

I watched the Captains
A-turning, staring
Proud and set,
At Christ a-riding there—
So calmly riding
The Road men can't forget.

I watched the Captains
Dismounting, waiting—
None now led—
The Captains bowing low!
The Caesars waiting!
While Christ rode on ahead.

Arthur Macdougall, Jr.

Easter

BUT His lone cross and crown of thorns
Endure when crowns and empires fall.
The might of His undying love
In dying conquered all.

John Oxenham.

From "Quotable Poems, Second Series." Used by permission of Willett, Clark & Company.

Training Christian Leaders for Tomorrow

By Hugh Thomson Kerr

IT WAS Seneca who said: "Why does no man confess his vices? Because he is yet in them; it is for a waking man to tell his dreams." After the same logic it is impossible for a minister to speak of his failures when he is in the midst of them. Nevertheless it is true that the sense of failure is written across the screen of every true minister's thinking. At any rate the sense of failure is evidence of the presence of an ideal.

Sometimes this sense of failure concerns preaching. The late Studdert Kennedy near the close of his life confessed: "My ministry, such as it is, may be regarded as a success but all I am conscious of is continual failure." Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) said: "Really the humiliation which a minister has to endure from failures in preaching is inconceivable." Sometimes it relates to pastoral work and to many a minister his church roll is like the day of judgment. I propose here to face the problem of training an adequate and efficient church leadership. If the ministry is failing anywhere this is the spot. How can a modern minister, busy with his sermon making, his parish calls, his conferences and committee meetings, his going abroad to tell other ministers how to succeed in their task, find time and acquire the technique to train a new generation of leaders? The trouble with the world is that there are not enough Christians to go around and the trouble with the church is that there are not enough churchmen trained in the secret of building the living temple of God into a thing of beauty and strength.

● *Short and Long Term Pastorates*

If a minister is a three- or a four- or a five-year man, how can he secure an adequate leadership? He is only well begun when he moves on to what he hopes are new and greener pastures. He may be an inspiring preacher, but he is not a builder. "An audience," says Dr. Jefferson, "is a set of unrelated people drawn together by a short-lived attraction, an agglomeration of individuals finding themselves together for a brief time. It is a fortuitous concourse of human atoms, scattering as soon as a certain performance is ended. It is a pile of leaves to be blown away by the wind, a handful of sand lacking consistency and cohesion, a number of human filings drawn into position by a pulpit magnet, and which will drop away as soon as the magnet is removed. An audience is a crowd, a church is a family. An audience is a gathering, a church is a fellowship. An audience is a heap of stones, a church is a temple. Preachers are ordained, not to attract an audience, but to build a church." The short-term minister cannot have a building program. He must use what is at hand, what he has received from another, and if his predecessors have been short-term men, leadership becomes a matter of mere immediacy.

On the other hand, the long-term ministry does not guarantee success although it presents a better opportunity.

Hugh Thomson Kerr

Not long since a brother minister, whose work in one church reached almost a period of twoscore years, said, "You know it is impossible for a minister to train a second generation of leaders." The remark opened the way for the rejoinder, "Then that would tell against a long pastorate." He demurred, however, saying there were other compensations but it was his judgment that as the years passed a man was unable to rally around him new leaders because of his loyalty to those who still held the reins. Christian experience leads one to believe that there is truth in the older man's observation. The task of training leadership in the life and work of the church is difficult business. To one of the most successful ministers in the church, whose services were crowded and whose staff combed the neighborhood for fresh recruits, I said, "How are you getting on with the sons and daughters of the families who are the leaders of your church?" Immediately he replied: "I am not getting on. That is just where I am failing. The young men and women, who belong to the so-called first families in my church and who make up the strength of my church today, are slipping out from under my eyes. A new generation that knows not Joseph is coming in."

● *No Substitute for the Minister*

No director of religious education, no expert pedagogue, no Sunday school teaching staff can substitute for the minister. He must do this job himself. He must square his shoulders and strengthen his resolution to do this thing which no one else can do. I can think of a dozen things that may be surrendered so that this thing may be done.

Two of the best volumes in the series of Yale Lectures on Preaching are Dr. Charles E. Jefferson's "The Building of the Church" and President Faunce's "The Educational Ideal in the Ministry." "Vastly more important than the annual round of pastoral calls, which may degenerate into mere social simpering, far more promising than any young people's societies, more rewarding than all guilds, settlements, leagues and clubs of every kind, is the fundamental and essential work of directing the religious education of the congregation. The pastor who succeeds as educational director cannot fail otherwise. His church has touched the ultimate springs of power. It is as a tree planted by rivers of water, which each year adds new rings to its growth and new diameters to its shadow. Such a church is always anticipating its own future, and training its own successors." So writes Dr. Faunce and he is right. The church whose seed is not in itself will die.

● *Training Must Begin Early*

We are always beginning too late. Taking for granted all that the church school does or fails to do, the minister himself must see that the boys and girls who are finishing high school and preparing for college and for work out in the world, come under his supervision. This may be done through communicant classes or through a series of carefully prepared supper conference programs. Twice a year at least he can gather these boys and girls, who are looking out beyond the walls of the church school, and train them for leadership. The conference group will meet six weeks before

Christmas and six weeks before Easter and after supper the pastor will lead them into an understanding of the Christian religion.

● *Introducing Youth to the "Problems"*

No minister has a right to let his boys and girls go off to college unprepared and then complain that in college their faith has been undermined. I want to be the first to introduce my young people to the problems they will meet in the college class room. I want to be ahead of any professor in informing them about the first chapters in Genesis, the psychology of prayer, the morality of self-expression. I want to be first to make faith difficult and to get them to think beneath the phrases they have learned to find the reason for the faith that is in them. And they are eager to be instructed, for their questions are in touch with life and reality. During the college terms their interest will be maintained by means of church publications and pastoral letters. When they come home for Christmas and Easter they will be put to work in the church to usher, to take up the offering, and you will see heads lift and eyes shine when a group of young men in their teens stand for prayer and wait upon their elders. They are in training for leadership.

● *Keeping in Touch With Changing Youth*

The second approach is to the young people who are at home and at work or in college. The minister will find in the intimate relations which exist in an educational program, a test of his leadership and a means of grace. For twenty years I have had a group of university students meet with me for luncheon every week. For fifteen years I have had another group meet with me each week for supper. For eight years another group has met every Sunday evening. These young people are mostly college boys and girls and they discipline the soul of the minister and keep him in touch with the currents of life which run through the younger generation. He is perplexed and disillusioned and defeated at times but in the end he sings a new song.

To a man who complained of the New England climate Mark Twain said, "Wait a minute." The interests of the young people change like the weather. After the war they were in revolt. They were ready to turn out all the old ministers, all the old teachers, all the old politicians, for having made a mess of things. A later generation of youth was listless, apathetic. Young people shrugged their shoulders and said, "What's the use?" Today they are realists. If you can show that religion is real, that prayer is real, that God is real, that the living Christ is real, they will listen and follow. But they are against cant and sham and bunk and all hypocrisy. A minister who does not follow through with these young men and women loses the best of his flock and he can well sacrifice the Rotary club, the Country club and the next conference if he can lay hold upon life that makes for leadership in the years ahead.

There is still another approach. The young men and women who have finished school and college, who are beginning their life work, who have married, form a great and most important opportunity. Youth stops at about twenty-two or twenty-three. At that age life begins anew and few of us realize the definite intellectual and moral climate in which these older young people live.

● *When Youth Enters Adulthood*

I cannot forget how difficult it was to find their religious whereabouts. For nearly ten years I have had a group of these older young men meet for a supper conference once a month. At first I took them along lines of college thought life and we conferred about criticism of the church and the modern interpretation of the Bible, the buliding of a new social order and the making of the creed. We talked about apologetics, science and religion, socialism, and the things which are discussed in college dormitories and while they listened attentively yet there was little enthusiasm. Now I know where these young men are living intellectually and morally and I believe there is no more neglected area of our church membership than this group. They want to know the truth concerning the Christian faith. They want to have an intelligent understanding of the teachings of their church. They want to be approached as those who are willing to be instructed and the danger is that we take them on too low a level. We think they want to know about Gandhi and Hitler when they really want to know about God although their desire may be inarticulate.

Some of the subjects of their own choosing that have been discussed may be of interest: "What has Christianity which the non-Christian religions have not?" "The attitude of the church on the political issues of the day," "What attitude should the church take toward wealth?" "The Oxford group movement," "At what point do the interests of men impinge upon religion?" "Christianity and war," "What to think about God," "Prayer in the modern world," "Sin," "Why men disagree," "If not prohibition—what?" "Roman Catholicism," "Does college strengthen or weaken religious faith?" "The use of leisure," "What price gambling?" "After death —what?"

● *A New Heaven and Earth —or Chaos!*

From this group of younger men and a corresponding group of younger women can be selected today an absolutely new staff of officers trained for church leadership. I like to think that I could let my present Session and board of trustees and deacons take a holiday and out of the younger generation I could install a new Session, a new board of trustees, a new board of deacons, new Sunday school workers, new leaders in the missionary organizations because of the definite concrete program of education for leadership which has been carried out as here outlined. It is comforting to feel that the generation has been bridged and that the church can go forward developing new territory.

The task I have outlined seems to me to be of supreme importance. It is the task that faces the industrialist, the educational leader, the politician and the churchman. Can assured and accredited values be transmitted to the oncoming generation? If they can, we are on the way to a new heaven and a new earth. If they cannot—chaos!

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• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

BEGINNING his preaching career as pastor of the First Baptist church, Paris, Tex., Dr. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON later founded and ministered to the People's church at Dixon, Ill., and from there went to Cedar Rapids, Ia., as pastor of the Liberal Christian church. In 1916 he was called to the City Temple, London. Three years later he returned to America, accepting a call to the Church of the Divine Paternity (Universalist), New York. Since 1925 he has been in Philadelphia, at the Memorial Church of St. Paul and at St. James Episcopal church. Dr. Newton has for many years made an intensive study of the career of Abraham Lincoln.

Last October Rev. JOHN SNAPE *closed* a five years' pastorate at Temple Baptist church, Los Angeles, to accept an ad interim ministry at Tabernacle church, Utica, N. Y., where he was pastor twenty-five years ago. Other earlier pastorates were at Camden, N. J., Newcastle, Pa., Spokane, Wash., Los Angeles (Hollywood), Oakland, Cal., and Cleveland, O. Dr. Snape was for a year president of the American Baptist Publication society, and has held many other positions of responsibility in his denomination. He is a graduate of Crozer Theological seminary.

Rev. ARCHER B. BASS *received his B.D.* degree from Colgate, his A.M. from the University of Chicago, and his Th.D. degree from Southern Baptist Theological seminary. For several years he ministered at Clinton Avenue Baptist church, Newark, N.J.; his present charge is Court Street church, Portsmouth, Va. He is the author of "Protestantism in the United States."

Rev. GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS *has had* a remarkable ministerial career. From 1891 to 1919 he was pastor of the Independence Boulevard Christian church, Kansas City, Mo., and from 1920 to the present year he has led in the building up of a great work at the Country Club Christian church in the same city. Dr. Combs has published several books, his latest, "These Amazing Moderns," having appeared only a few months ago.

Last autumn Bishop JAMES E. FREEMAN preached the sermon included in this issue before the Congress of Parents and Teachers held in Washington, D. C. Bishop Freeman began his preaching career as rector of St. Andrew's Memorial church, Yonkers, N. Y., and from there went to St. Mark's church, Minneapolis. The Church of the Epiphany at Washington, D. C., was his next charge and in 1923 he was consecrated as Bishop of Washington.

Rev. B. H. BRUNER *has held a number* of important pastorates among the Disciples of Christ, among them Hamilton Avenue Christian church, St. Louis, Central church, New Albany, Ind., and First church, Greencastle, Ind. At present he is minister of the Wabash Valley Radio Pulpit, Terre Haute, Ind., and also serves two village churches. Mr. Bruner has written a number of books especially adapted to Lenten use, among them "Great Days of the Last Week" and "Great Questions of the Last Week." The last named is coming from the press this month.

The Rt. Rev. THOMAS F. GAILOR *is* bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Tennessee.

Rev. HUGH THOMSON KERR *is minister* of the Shadyside Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

JOHN HOWARD MELISH, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y. "The Vision of God." Acts 14:27—"And when they were come and had gathered the church together they rehearsed what great things the Lord had done for them."

STROTHER A. CAMPBELL, First Baptist, Tallahassee, Fla. "A Sky Full of Eyes." Heb. 12:1—"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses . . . let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

ENNIS P. THORNE, Himrod Avenue Baptist, Youngstown, O. "Trail Blazing in Religion." Mark 1:3—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon

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Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

.....

Name of church

.....

Address

LOUIS S. CUPP, Ivanhoe Park Christian, Kansas City, Mo. "The Guest in the House." John 14:23—"If a man love me . . . my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

O. SANDBACH, First Methodist, Decorah, Ia. "The God of Yesterday and Tomorrow." "Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us." 1 Sam. 7:12. "Hope in Jehovah from henceforth." Psalm 131:3.

W. J. B. CANNELL, First Baptist, Lebanon, N. H. "Beyond the Code." Rom. 7:6—"So that we can serve in a new way, not under the written code . . . but in the Spirit" (Moffatt).

JOSEPH W. REEVES, Congregational, So. Dartmouth, Mass. "Religion Not for Weaklings." Matt. 10:16—"I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves."

F. E. DAVISON, Austin Boulevard Christian, Oak Park, Ill. "Captured!" Phil. 3:13—"Because I have been captured by Jesus Christ."

HERBERT BOOTH SMITH, Immanuel Presbyterian, Los Angeles. "The Christian Science of Life." 1 Peter 5:7—"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

A QUESTIONNAIRE on war and peace and certain economic questions has been sent to 100,000 Protestant clergymen of the United States. The purpose is to get an expression of our present views and convictions, chiefly as to our attitude in case war was actually upon us. I received one of these questionnaires, answered every question, signed my name and sent it to Kirby Page, 3947 48th Street, Long Island city, New York. My colleagues in The Christian Century office did the same. No doubt every subscriber to The Pulpit has received this questionnaire. I earnestly hope every man will take it seriously and register his convictions on the fifteen questions asked. A personal note from Mr. Page just received tells me that already 14,000 replies have come in and that the prospect is good for reaching the 25,000 mark with a good chance of 35,000. That will be great! The Christian ministry of the country is an enormous power for creating public opinion. The report on this questionnaire will be made near the first of May. Whatever our views may be it seems clearly our duty to express them in this church-wide consultation. The frenzied state of the nations, all of them talking about war, expecting it and preparing for it, puts upon us a heavy responsibility. The results of the questionnaire will be given worldwide publicity.

Have You Filled Out Your Questionnaire?

The Book of the Month

UNITIVE PROTESTANTISM. *By John T. McNeill. Abingdon Press, $3.00.*

I TAKE NO PRIDE in being up to date either in reading or in recommending books. I therefore make no apology for calling attention to this book which was published three years ago. But I have only now read it myself, and the tremendous importance of it covers me with chagrin that a thesis of such importance should be in print for three years and I unacquainted with it. I remember reading Dr. Garrison's review in The Christian Century, but the book itself slipped past, until I casually happened upon it the other day. Dr. McNeill, a church historian, declares that the modern ideal of Christian unity which disturbs the complacency of our modern denominationalism is not new at all, but is organic to the Protestant tradition from the very beginning. The concept of the unity and catholicity of the church was held by Luther and Calvin and Bucer and Zwingli; it survived in certain movements in the 17th and 18th centuries, and is now revived in the 20th century. The author rejects the usual conception that Protestantism was sectional or national at the start, and shows how its leaders were dominated by the principle of catholicity, how this catholicity was defined in terms of the communion of saints, how the technique for maintaining unity by the monarchical principle of the papacy was to be displaced by the conciliar principle, and why the whole ideal of unity was compelled to give way to sectarianism through the operation of many forces both ecclesiastical and secular. It is a strong conviction with me that the Christian church is itself one of the unique elements which Christianity may offer the non-Christian world (there is no church outside of Christianity) and that the concept of its catholicity and therefore its unity are of the essence of the church and must be recovered in our thought and exhibited in an organized body. Professor McNeill has strengthened that conviction and distinctly illuminated it.

A Thought for the Month

THE most important word in modern science is the word "control." Science defines itself as the method of "controlled experimentation." And the service which science renders to mankind is said to be that it makes it possible for man to control his own life—to master the physical and economic and social forces in his environment and thus to be the determiner of his own destiny. By discovering nature's "laws" he becomes the master of nature! True, there are limits to this mastery. Great physical catastrophes like earthquakes and floods and pestilences and inevitable death do overwhelm man, but within limits science is said to be clearing an ever widening area in which man has "harnessed" nature's forces and compels them to do his will. "Electricity—your servant," so runs a public utility's advertisement. We like to say we have "tamed the lightning." The effect of this conception of control is to inflate the human ego. It induces a mood which is the direct opposite of the mood of religion. The essence of religion is humility, while this mood of science is self-conscious superiority. The result is that where the conception of science as control prevails, religion is likely to give way to humanism. We need to take a deeper view of science. We need to see how preposterous it is to imagine that the universe can be controlled by our puny wills. Science does not make us masters of nature, but it does equip us for intelligent partnership with nature and with God. Our human function in the partnership is to arrange the conditions through which God can do for us what he graciously wills to do. The power—the doing—is not ours, but his. We work out our own salvation—from illness, from unhappiness, from beastly toil, from all of life's burdens and evils and from our own sin—but all the time it is God who works in us. We are workers together with him. We must not let knowledge puff us up. It is not mastery, but partnership, that science gives us. Paul's share of the work is to plant; that of Apollos is to water the field. It will forever be God's part to give the increase. Wherefore, let no man boast!

Partners With God

Charles Clayton Morrison

The Christian Century Pulpit

The Minister's Professional Magazine

In the MARCH Pulpit:

HARRISON RAY ANDERSON, Fourth Presbyterian church, Chicago
"The Sign on the Cross"

JOHN EVANS, St. Luke's Episcopal church, Chicago
"Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"

HERBERT BOOTH SMITH, Immanuel Presbyterian church, Los Angeles
"The Angry Tree"

BURRIS JENKINS, Linwood Community church, Kansas City, Mo.
"The Power of an Endless Life"

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, Brick Presbyterian church, New York
"The Assurance of Immortality"

and other inspiring sermons

There will be a Preacher Problems article by Carl S. Patton, of First Congregational church, Los Angeles

THE APRIL ISSUE will be a special Congregational-Christian Number.

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"Although young in the ministry The Christian Century Pulpit, with its splendid contributions, has done much to bring me along." FLETCHER NELSON, First Methodist church, Rutherfordton, N. C.

"I always enjoy The Christian Century Pulpit. It has become my most welcome visitor." L. W. HUNTER, First Presbyterian church, Oelwein, Ia.

"I find The Christian Century Pulpit stimulating: frequently there is an embryonic sermon in the editor's A Thought for the Month." JOSEPH W. REEVES, Congregational church, South Dartmouth, Mass.

"I appreciate the excellent material to be found in the Pulpit. My notebook is always bulkier after I finish reading an issue. I thank you for the monthly feast." BENJAMIN F. SCHWARTZ, First Methodist church, Muscatine, Ia.

"I have been a constant reader of the Pulpit for several years, and prize it more highly than any similar magazine I have ever read." J. IRA JONES, Epworth Methodist church, Toledo, Ohio.

"I get a great deal of stimulation from the Pulpit, and trust it brings equal inspiration to others." E. WELLINGTON MCCASH, First Christian church, Palo Alto, Cal.

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